



THOMAS, BORING & DeZUNIGA

75¢

64

DEC. 86



ALL-STAR SQUADRON

THE FUNNY PAGES
WILL KILL YOU
IF YOU DON'T
WATCH OUT!



PRINCE PERIL

DETECTIVE

AM JONES
art

SOLITARY RIDER

HAPPY DAZE



AN UNTOLD TALE OF THE



SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTE: THE CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS IS OVER, AND FORGOTTEN EVEN BY THOSE 1942 MYSTERY-MEN WHO TOOK PART IN IT. BATMAN & ROBIN, AQUAMAN, WONDER WOMAN, EVEN SUPERMAN HAVE VANISHED, TO BE FOREVER ERASED EVEN FROM PRE-CRISIS MEMORY.

SO--BEEN WONDERING WHO FOUGHT THE MENACES WHICH, ACCORDING TO POST-CRISIS HISTORY, THOSE HEROES WEREN'T AROUND TO FACE? FRANKLY, SO DID--

ROY THOMAS
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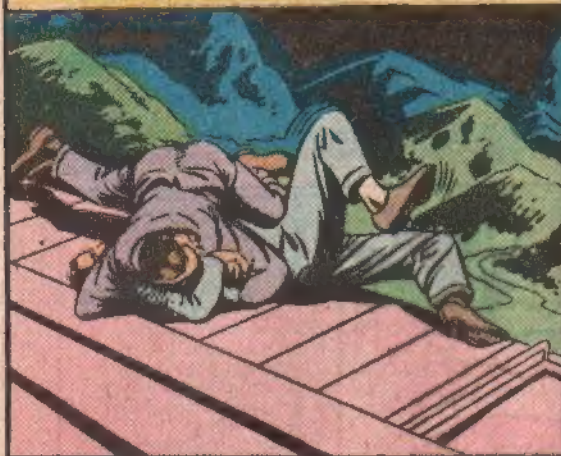
Most popular comic-strips
of the war years:
1. Joe Palooka
2. Blondie
3. Li'l Abner
4. Little Orphan Annie
5. Terry & the Pirates
6. Dick Tracy
7. Moon Mullins
8. Gasoline Alley
9. Bringing Up Father
10. The Gumps
-- cited in Richard R.
Lingeman's *Don't You
Know There's A War
On?*

ADAPTED FROM
THE ORIGINAL STORY
BY JERRY SIEGEL
& JOHN SIKELA

SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!

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ATOP A FREIGHT CAR PRECARIOUSLY RUMBLING ACROSS A HIGH TRESTLE, TWO FIGHTING FIGURES DEPERATELY WAGE A GRIM BATTLE, WITH DEATH THE LOSER'S PENALTY...



YOU'VE TRAILED ME ACROSS A CONTINENT, DETECTIVE CRAIG! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND ME, YOU DIE!

IT'S TOO EARLY TO FORECAST THIS STRUGGLE'S OUTCOME, MACHINE-GUN MIKE!



IN STORIES, THE DETECTIVE ALWAYS WINS OUT OVER THE CROOK! BUT THIS IS REAL LIFE!



DOWN OFF THE HIGH TRESTLE PLUMMETS A SHRIEKING BODY--DOWN TOWARD THE TURBULENT RIVER FAR BELOW! SOMEONE IS GOING TO DIE--BUT WHO--DETECTIVE CRAIG, OR MACHINE-GUN MIKE?!



YA-AA-A!

WELL, WELL! ALL THESE MONTHS--AND I'D NEVER REALIZED JOHNNY QUICK READ THE FUNNY PAGES!

NOT ALL OF 'EM, LIZ, BUT I WILL ADMIT TO BEING A SUCKER FOR "DETECTIVE CRAIG!" HOW ABOUT YOU, MY LOVE?



NOT REALLY, STILL, I COULD USE SOMETHING TO EASE MY BROODING ABOUT TOM REVERE'S DEATH.

Hmmm... WONDER IF PRINCE PERIL IS EVER TRACKED DOWN THAT EVIL GIANT HE WAS TRAILING...

SO YOU'RE A CLOSET COMIC-STRIP READER, TOO, HUH? WELL, WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT--



* THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BETWEEN ISSUES #446-449.
--Roy

--WHO /S/N'T?

HECK, WHEN I REALLY GET
ENGROSSED I EVEN
SEE 'EM IN COLOR

The DAILY PRESS

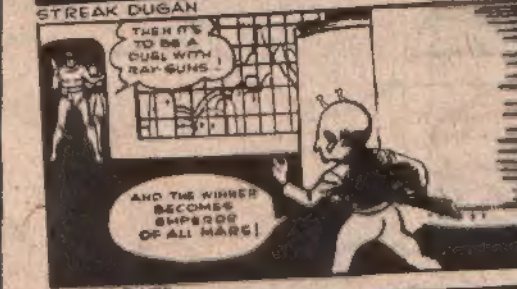
BY HUGH LANGLEY

DETECTIVE CIGARS

BY DON GLENN



BY C.C. COOK

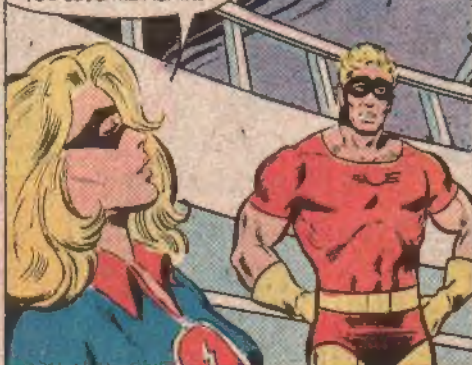


BY JIM JOHNSON



"TORGO," "HUH? YEAH, IT'S FUNNY, BUT MORE PEOPLE ARE PROBABLY WORRIED ABOUT WHETHER MACHINE-GUN MIKE'S GONNA POLISH OFF DETECTIVE CRAIG THAN KNOW WE JUST HAD A TUSSELE WITH THE REAL-LIFE BARON BLITZKRIEG. HE--"

JOHNNY--MAYBE I'M JUST FEELING LIKE I'VE BEEN ORPHANED ALL OVER AGAIN, BUT I SURE COULD USE HEARING YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME AGAIN.



OH, YOU COULD, HUH? WELL, I CAN DO A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN THAT. HOW ABOUT THIS: LIBBY LAWRENCE, I LOVE YOU, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

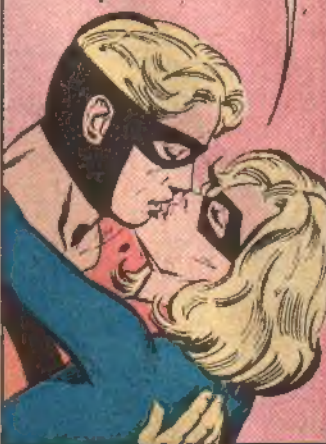
I KNOW YOU'RE AN EDUCATED SOCIETY GIRL, AND I'M JUST A NEWS CAMERAMAN ON A SALARY, BUT--



ALL I KNOW, Mr. G., IS THAT I WISH YOU'D STOP TALKING--

--LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SAY YES!

Y--YOU MEAN IT?? HEY, THAT'S REALLY GR--MMMF!!



SO MUCH FOR EARLY-MORNING MARRIAGE PROPOSALS IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS, ACROSS THE EAST RIVER FROM MANHATTAN.

SOME MILES AWAY, IN METROPOLIS, WHICH RIVALS NEW YORK AND GOTHAM CITY FOR THE TITLE OF THE MOST POPULOUS AMERICAN CITY IN 1942, MOST PEOPLE ARE GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS WITHOUT MUCH THOUGHT OF EITHER COMIC-STRIPS OR THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON--



--WHEN SUDDENLY, JUST OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL BANK IN THAT CITY'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT--

GOD IN HEAVEN--WHAT'S THAT?

WHATEVER IT IS--IT'S PUSHING TEN FEET TALL--AN' HE LOOKS MEAN!



IT MUST BE A PUBLICITY STUNT! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE GIANT I SAW IN THE FUNNY PAPERS OVER BREAKFAST!

HAH! TORGO WOULD SHOW PUNY HUMANS HE IS NO STUNT-- BUT THAT IS NOT WHY TORGO IS HERE!

THERE IS REASON WHY TORGO HAS COME!

R-RUN! I'M STARTING TO THINK HE'S FOR REAL!



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING



WHO'RE THEY TRYING TO KID? THERE HASN'T BEEN A GUY THAT SIZE AROUND SINCE GOLIATH GOT A HEADACHE!

JUST THE SAME, WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT.

YOU'RE THE CHAIRWOMAN OF THIS LITTLE COFFEE CLATCH, DOLL. ME, I'M JUST ON STAND-BY DUTY--

--BUT I CAN STILL FLY YOU OVER THERE FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY, "I DO"--

--AFTER I SPOUT MY USUAL "3x2(9YE)4A!"

I THINK WE'D BETTER TALK TILL WE SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN METROPOLIS, JOHNNY.

WHY? GETTING COLD FEET ALREADY?

NO, WE JUST MAY BE BUSY, THAT'S ALL.

MAYBE MY FEET AREN'T COLD-- BUT THE REST OF ME IS SURE GETTING WINDBURN TRAVELING AT THIS SPEED!

HEY--WE ARE THERE ALREADY!

HEY, FELLA-- WAS IT REALLY "TORG" THE GIANT WHO TRASHED YOUR ARMORED CAR?

HE DIDN'T EXACTLY GIVE US HIS NAME, MISTER--

HE JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, SMASHED OPEN THE SIDE OF THE CAR WITH SOME KIND OF CLUB-- AND TOOK OFF AT A FAST CLIP, HEADED WEST!

SURE HE DID. PROBABLY HAD TO MEET UP WITH THE DRAGON LADY FOR LUNCH.

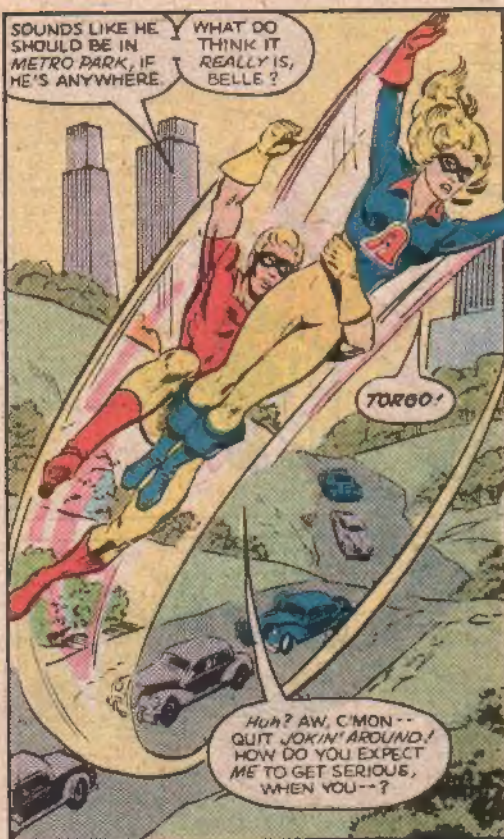
JOHNNY QUICK-- THIS IS SERIOUS!

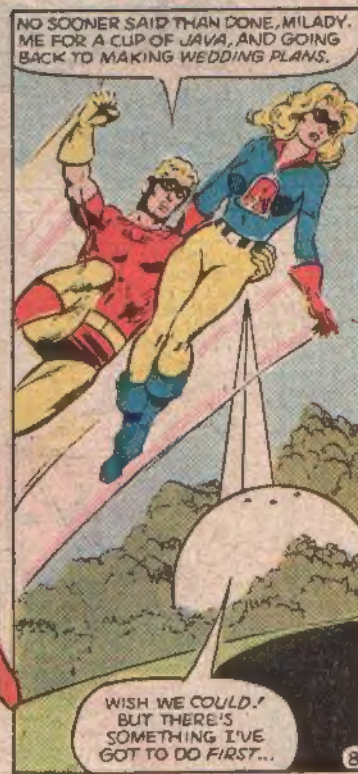
I'LL GET SERIOUS, LADY--

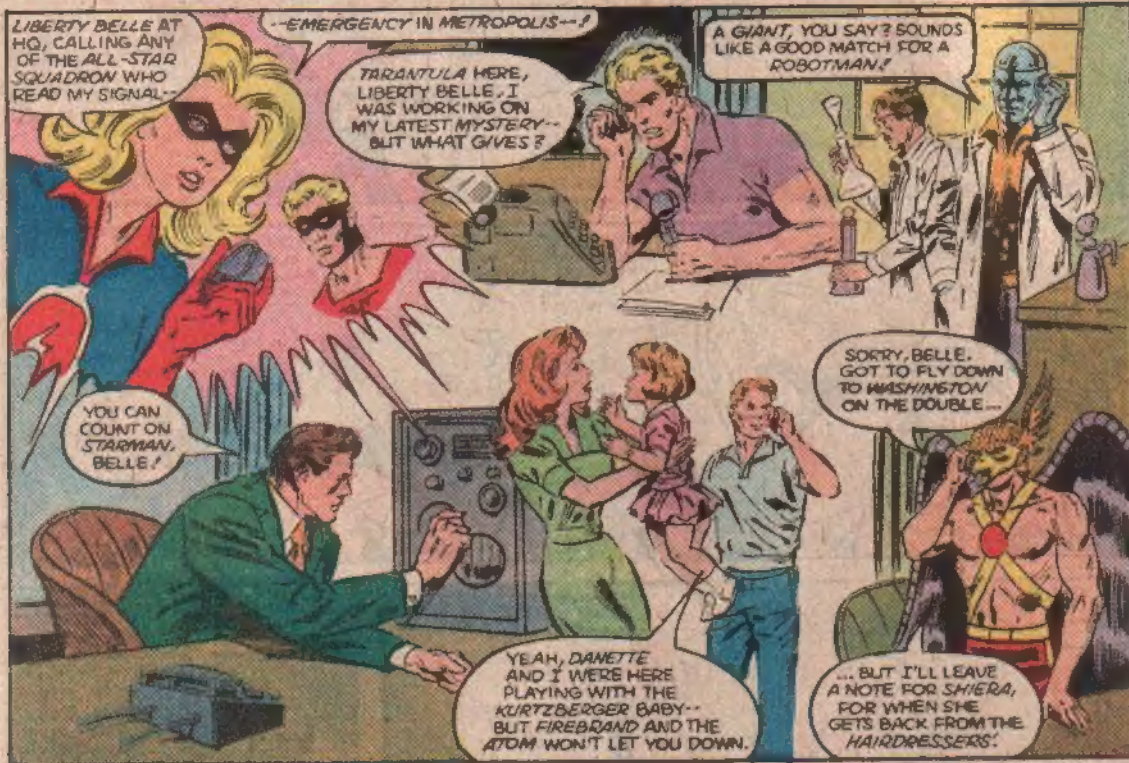
--WHEN I MEET UP WITH THIS CLOWN FOR MYSELF!

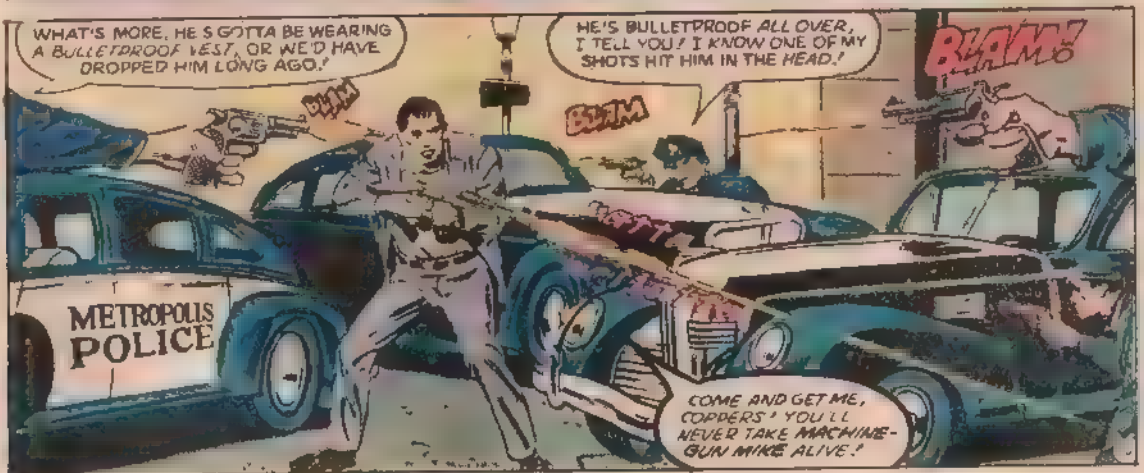
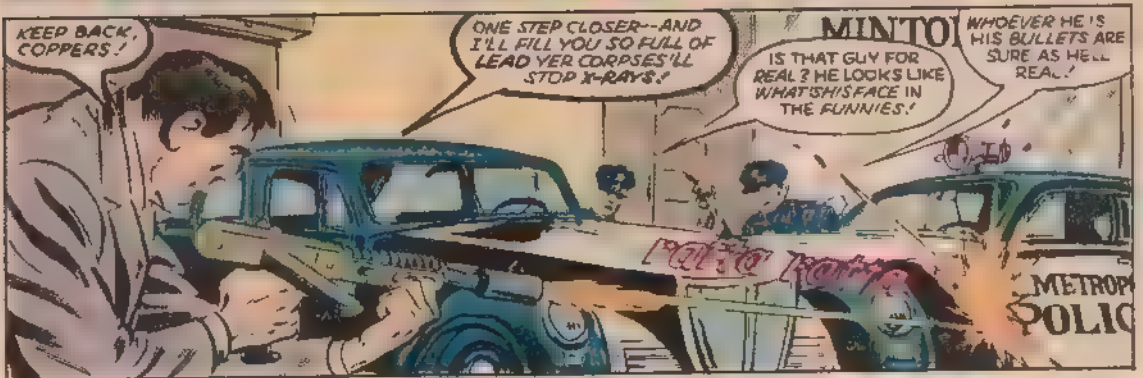
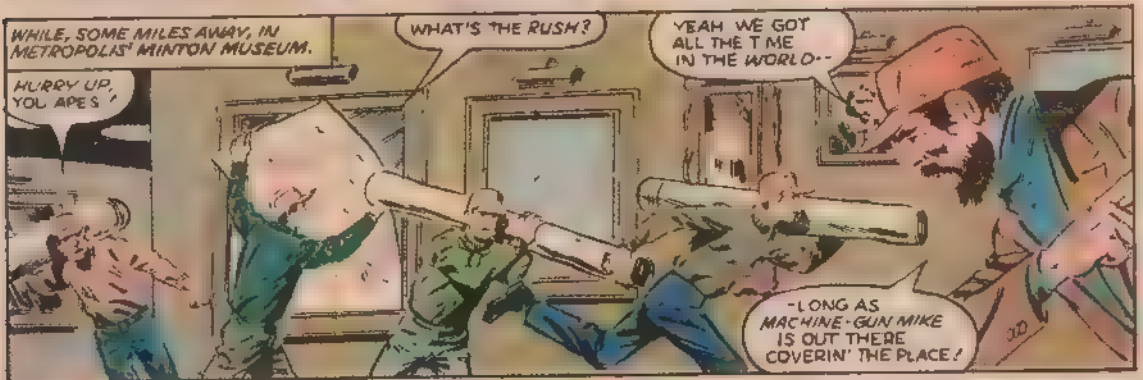
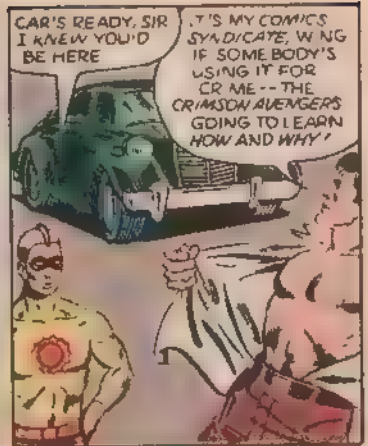
SHE CALLED HIM "JOHNNY QUICK."

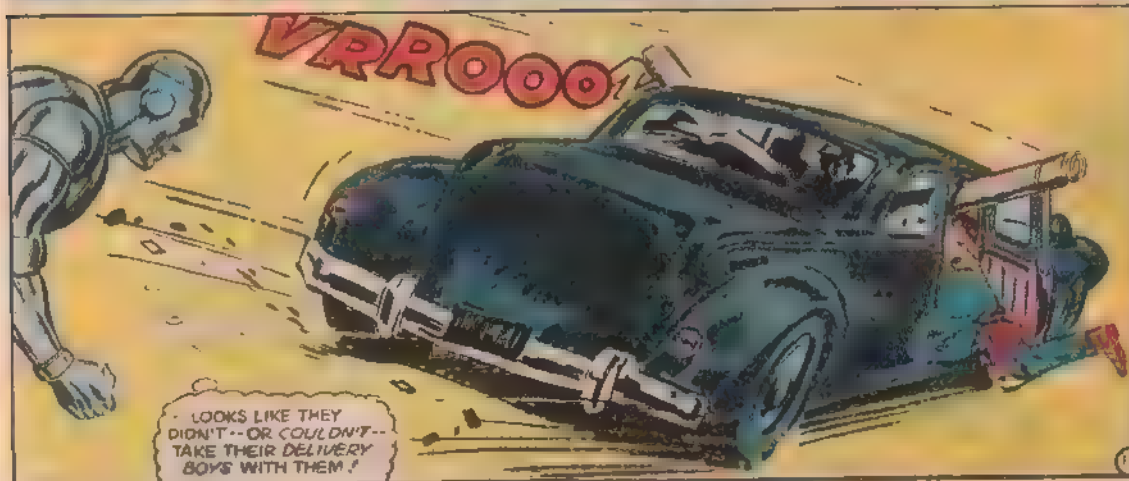
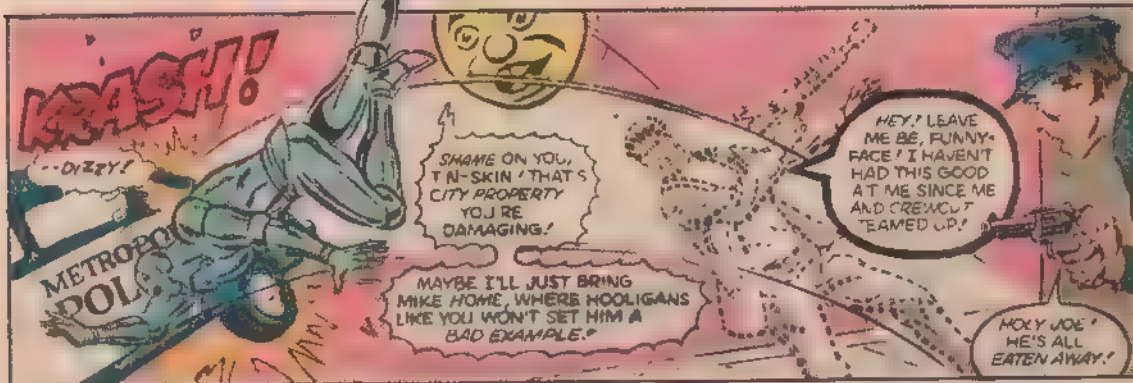
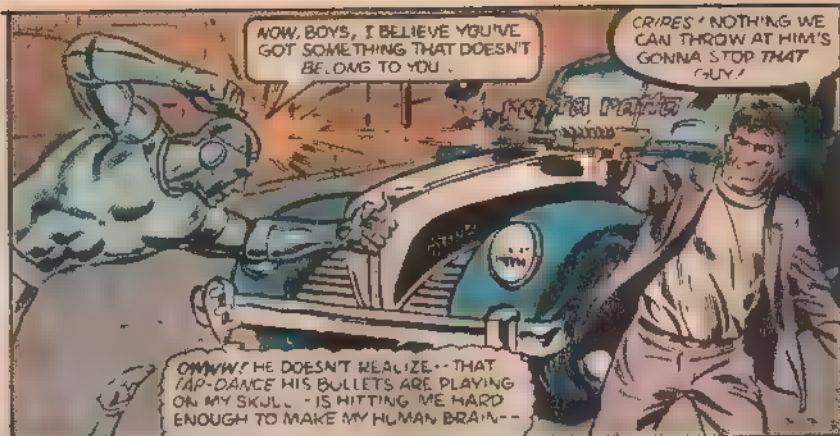
AND HERE I THOUGHT I'D FINALLY GOT TO MEET THE FLASH!

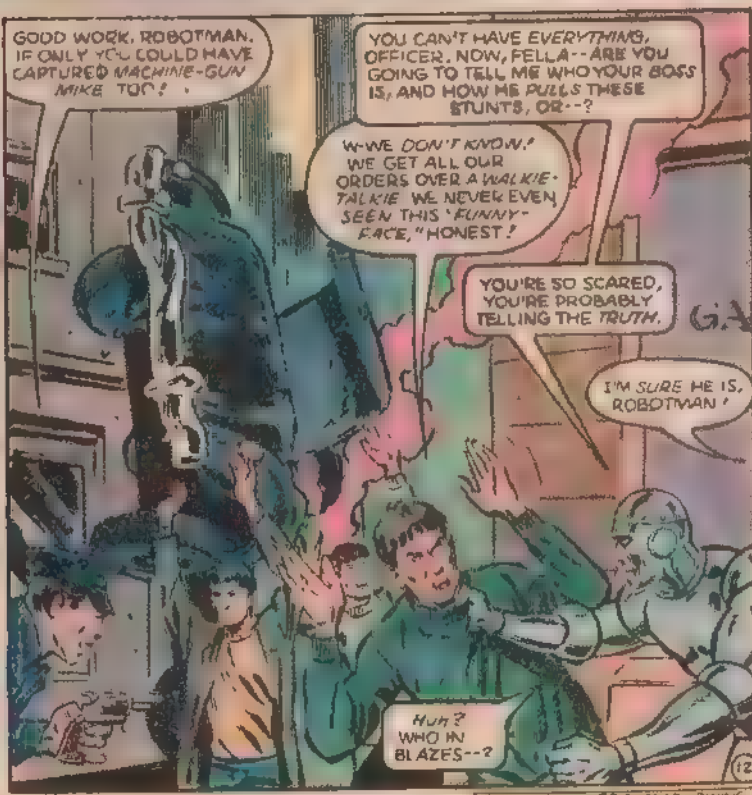
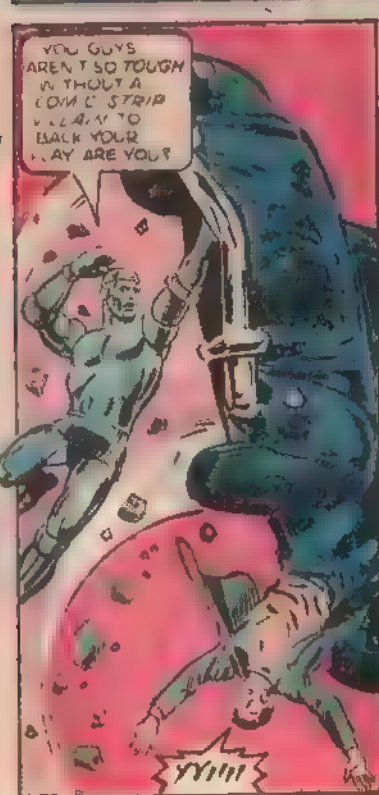
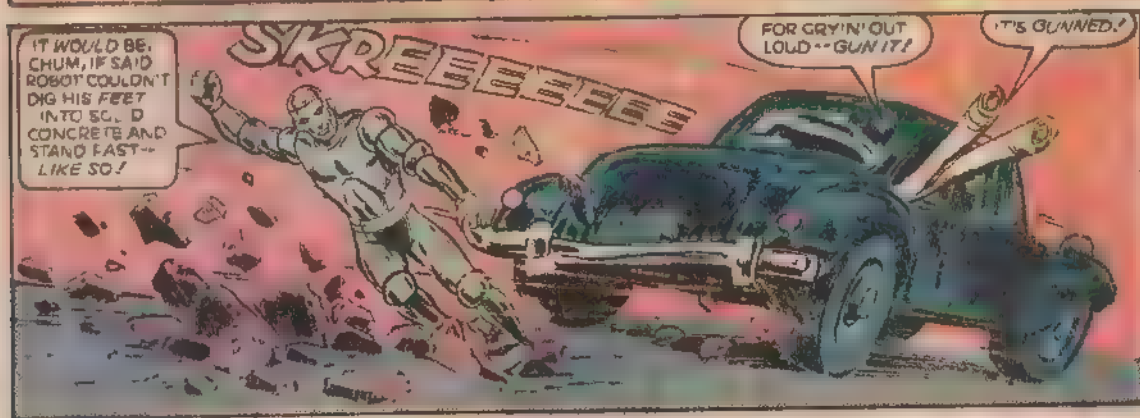
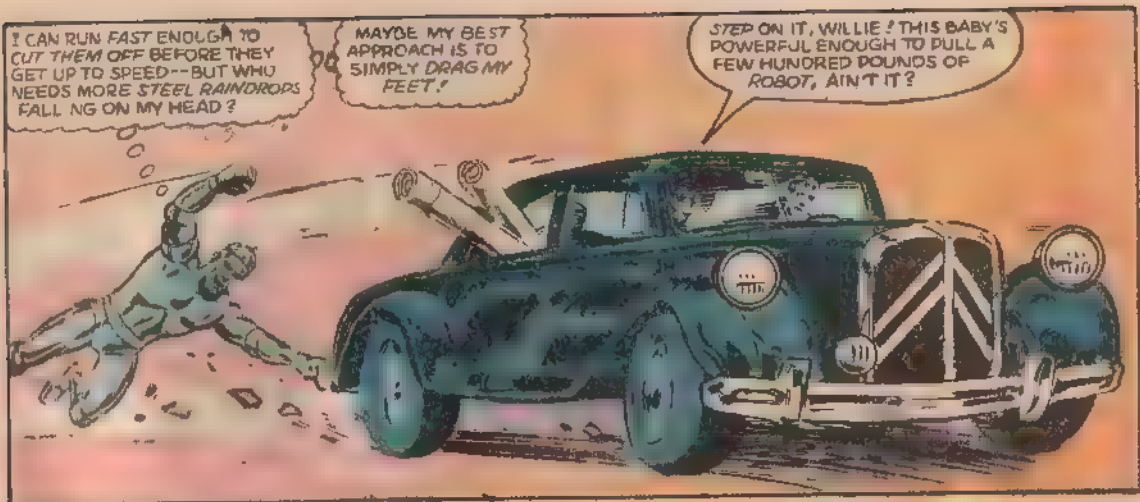




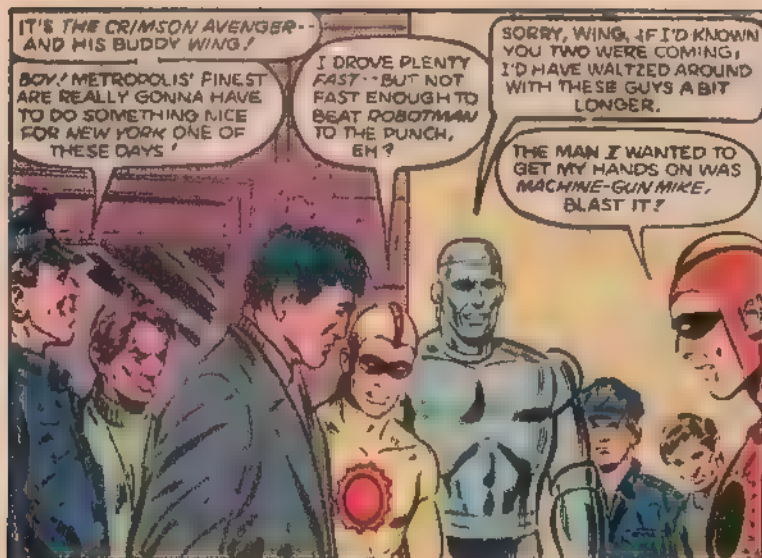








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IT'S THE CRIMSON AVENGER--
AND HIS BUDDY WING!

BOY, 'METROPOLIS' FINEST
ARE REALLY GONNA HAVE
TO DO SOMETHING NICE
FOR NEW YORK ONE OF
THESE DAYS!

I DROVE PLENTY
FAST--BUT NOT
FAST ENOUGH TO
BEAT ROBOTMAN
TO THE PUNCH,
EH?

SORRY, WING, IF I'D KNOWN
YOU TWO WERE COMING,
I'D HAVE WALTZED AROUND
WITH THESE GUYS A BIT
LONGER.

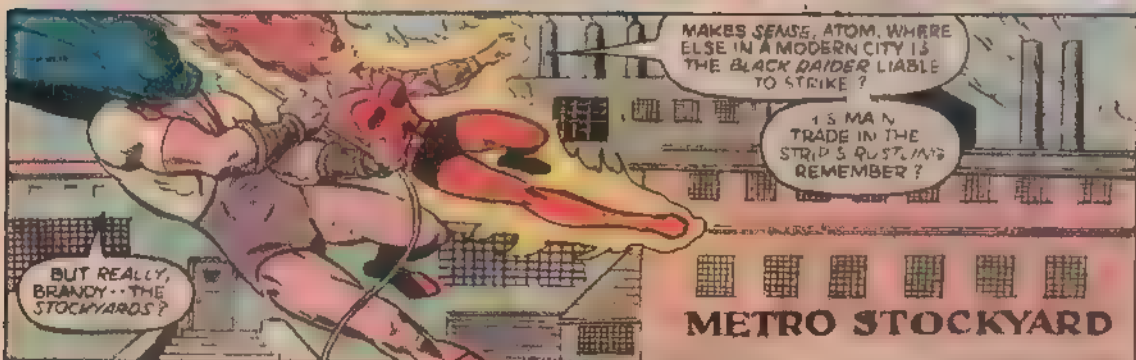
THE MAN I WANTED TO
GET MY HANDS ON WAS
MACHINE-GUN MIKE,
BLAST IT!



SO WHO'S LEFT,
HON'T GOOLA THE
MARTIAN? THE
MARTIAN?

NOT SURE ABOUT
THAT PAIR,
JOHNNY - BUT
IF THE SOLITARY
RIDER'S ENEMY
IS NEXT ON THE
LIST, I KNOW
WHERE I'D
LOOK FIRST.

CALLING
FIREBRAND
AND THE ATOM...



BUT REALLY,
BRANDY--THE
STOCKYARDS?

MAKES SENSE, ATOM, WHERE
ELSE IN A MODERN CITY IS
THE BLACK DAIDER LIABLE
TO STRIKE?

IS MAN
TRADE IN THE
STRIP'S RUST, MY
REMEMBER?

METRO STOCKYARD

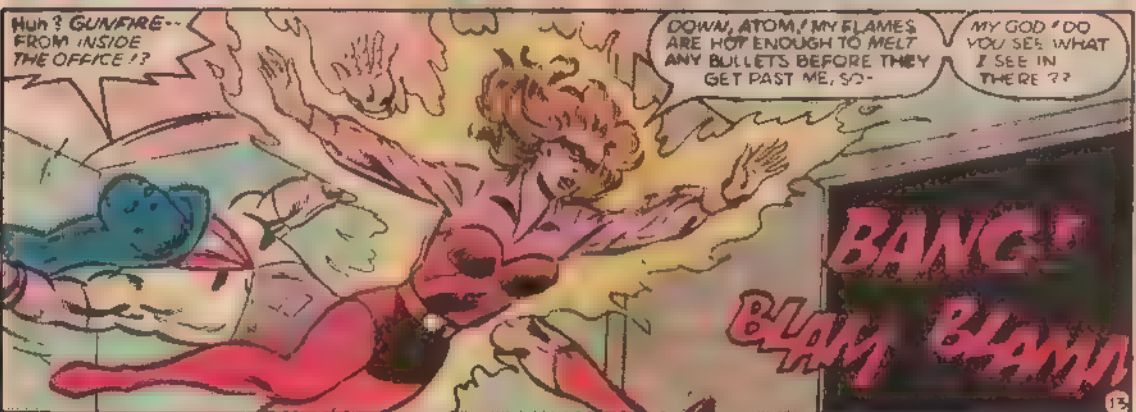


LORD, LISTEN TO ME! I
SOUND LIKE I THINK
WE'RE REALLY DEALING
WITH COMIC-STRIP
BAD GUYS!

HEY, DON'T GO
WISHY-WASHY
ON ME NOW, YOU
JUST WON ME
OVER.

WE'LL SEE IF THE GUYS
WHO RUN TH'S PLACE HAVE
SEEN ANYTHING MORE
SUSPICIOUS THAN A COW.

**METRO STOCKY
GENERAL OFFICE**

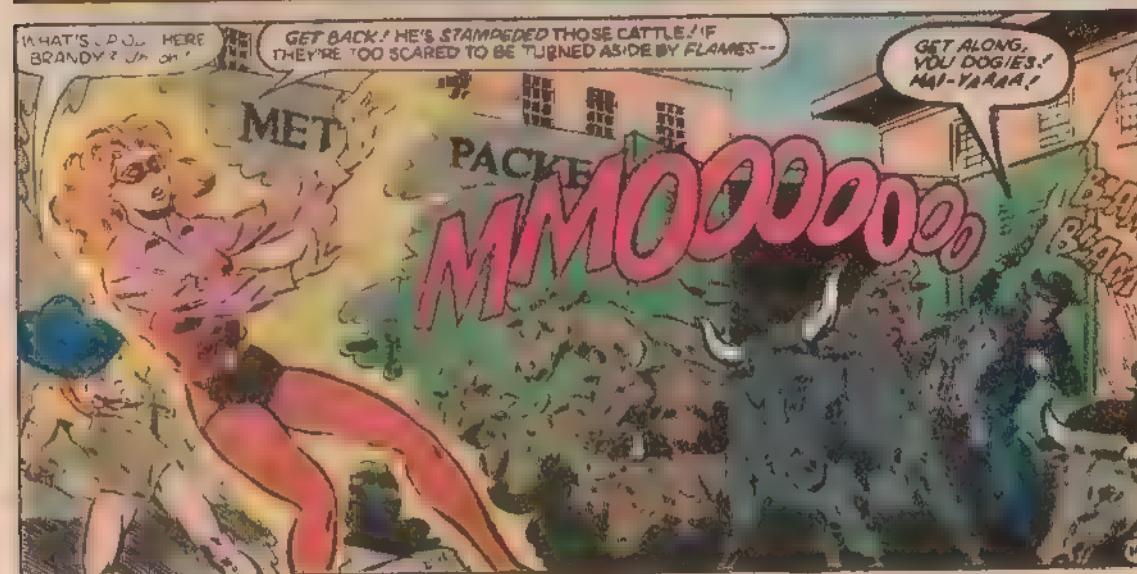
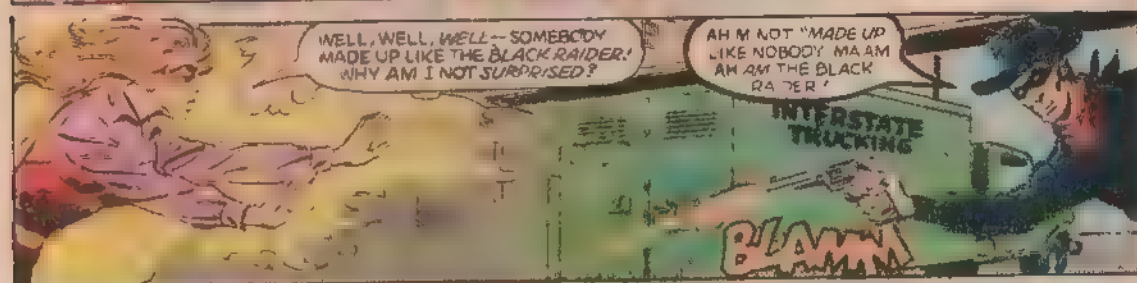
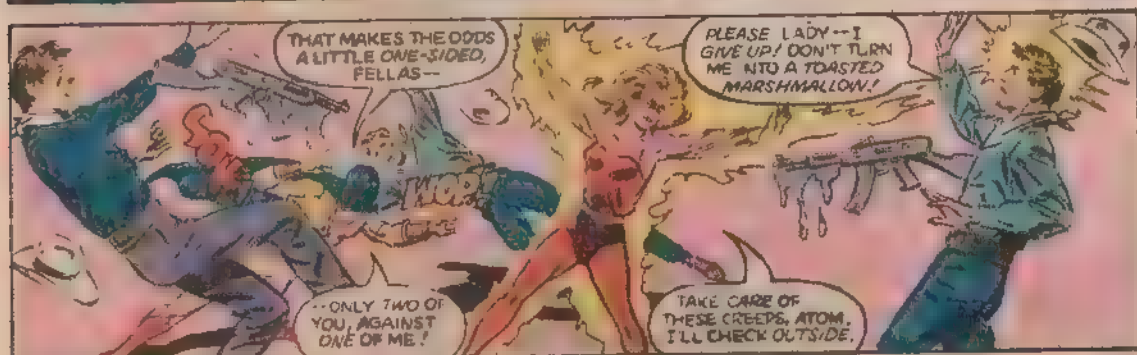
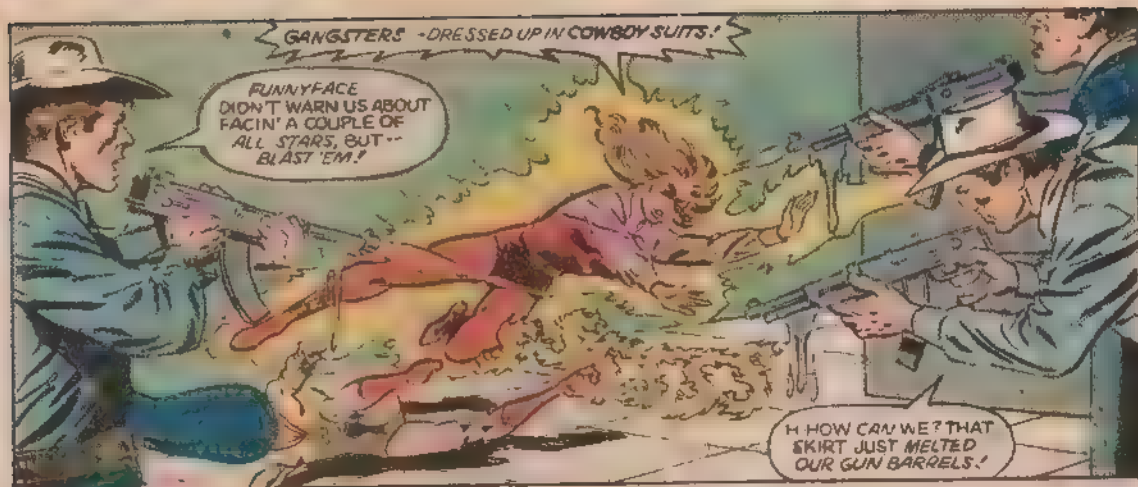


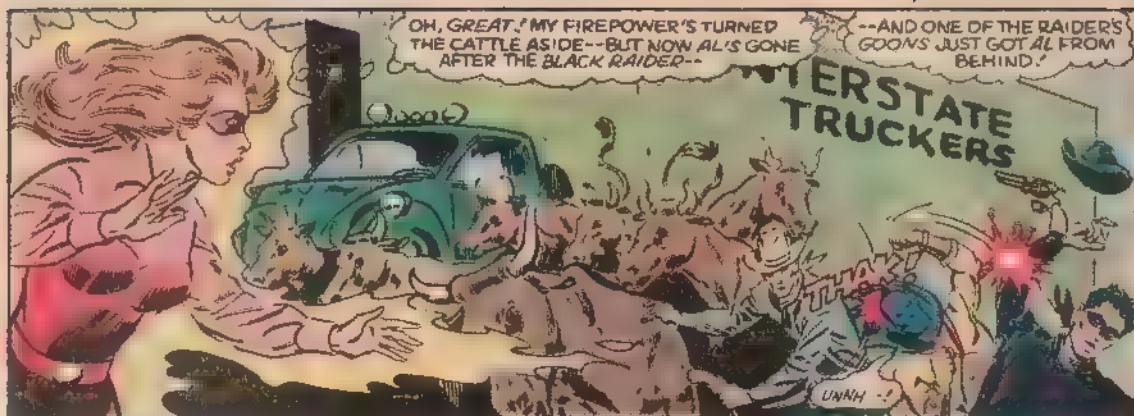
HUH? GUNFIRE--
FROM INSIDE
THE OFFICE!?

DOWN, ATOM, MY FLAMES
ARE HOT ENOUGH TO MELT
ANY BULLETS BEFORE THEY
GET PAST ME, SO--

MY GOD! DO
YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE IN
THERE??

BANG!
BLAM! BLAM!



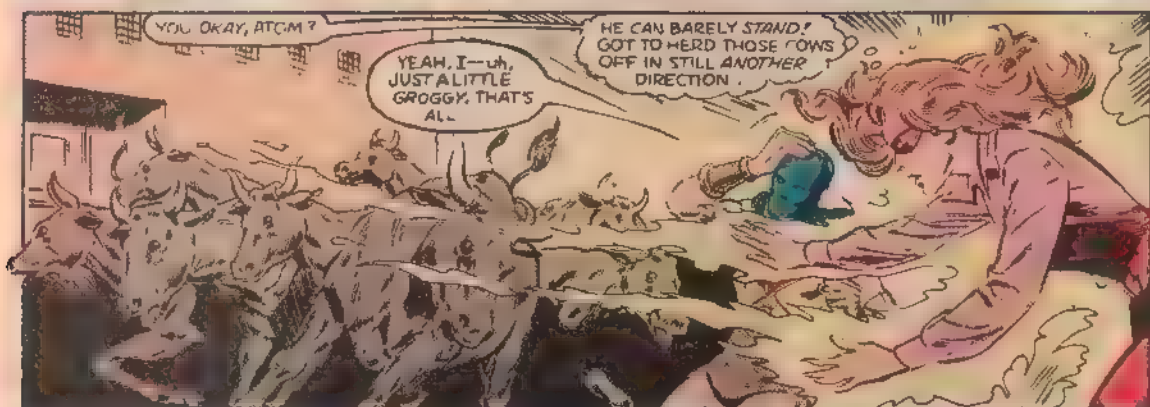


OH, GREAT! MY FIREPOWER'S TURNED THE CATTLE ASIDE--BUT NOW AL'S GONE AFTER THE BLACK RAIDER--

--AND ONE OF THE RAIDER'S GOONS JUST GOT AL FROM BEHIND.

INTERSTATE TRUCKERS

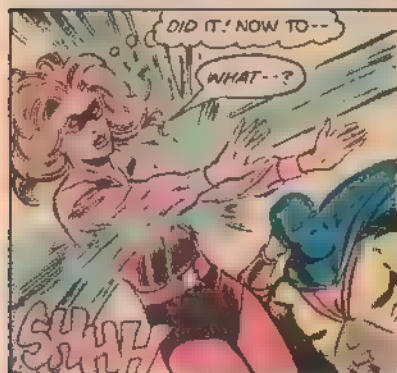
UNNH



YOU OKAY, ATOM?

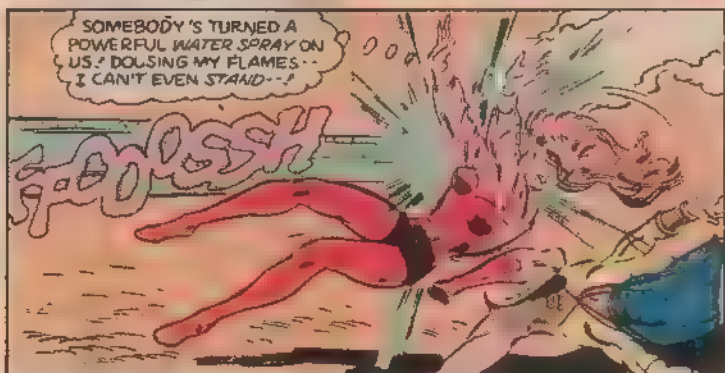
YEAH, I--uh, JUST A LITTLE GROGGY, THAT'S ALL

HE CAN BARELY STAND! GOT TO HERD THOSE COWS OFF IN STILL ANOTHER DIRECTION.



DID IT! NOW TO--

WHAT--?

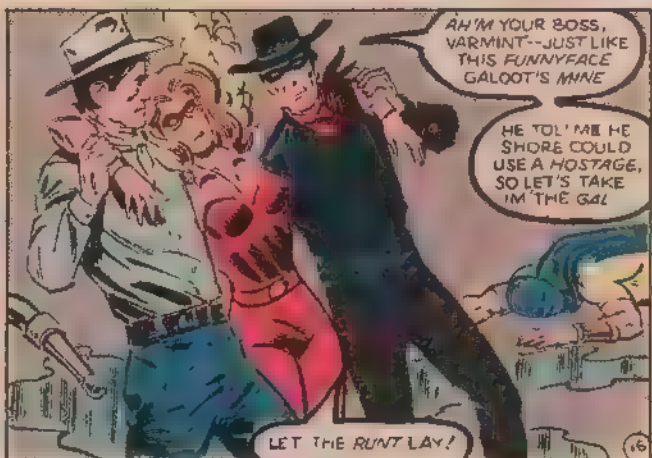


SOMEBODY'S TURNED A POWERFUL WATER SPRAY ON US! DOUTING MY FLAMES--I CAN'T EVEN STAND--!



SHE AIN'T SUCH A HOT NUMBER WHEN I TURNED THE OL' HOSE ON HER, HUH, RAIDER?

YOU THINK THE BOSS WOULD WANT I SHOULD POLISH 'ER OFF?

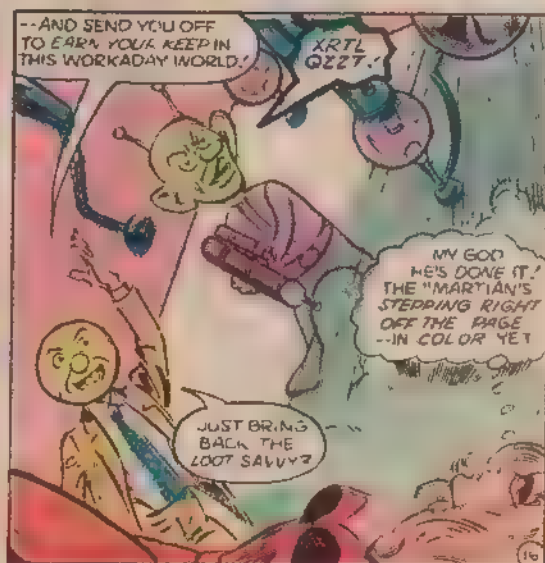
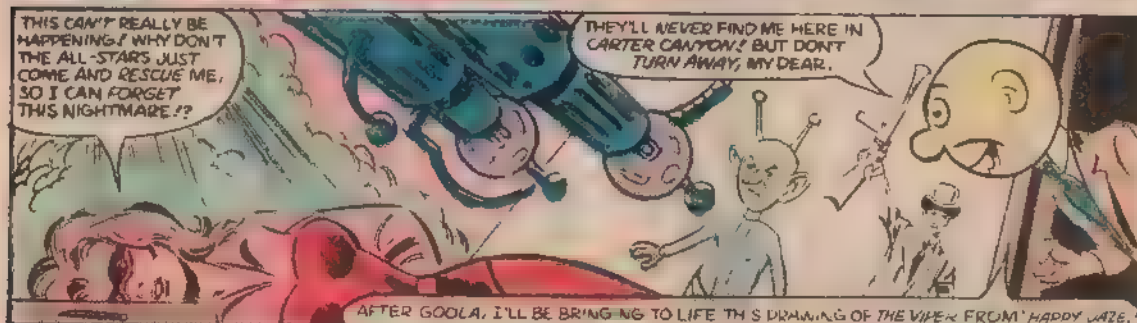
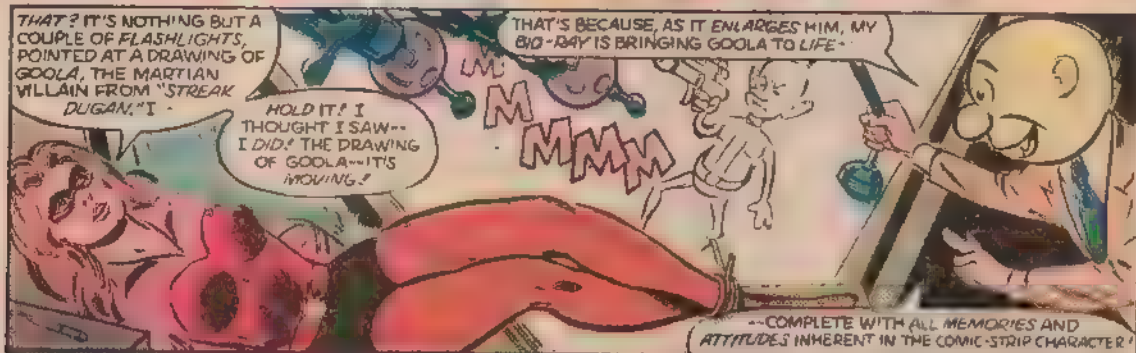
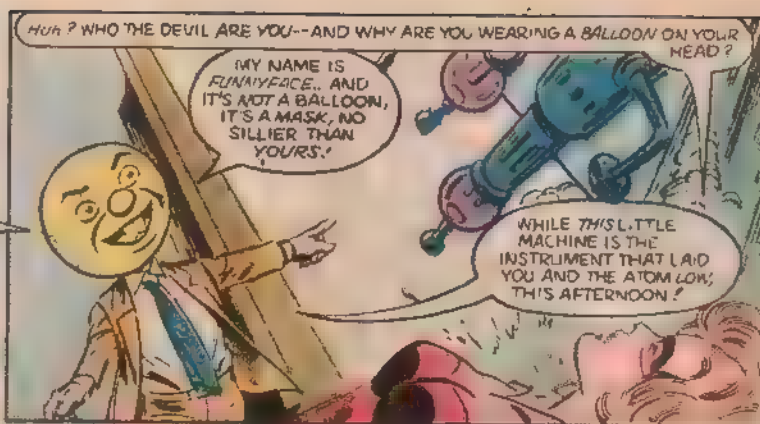


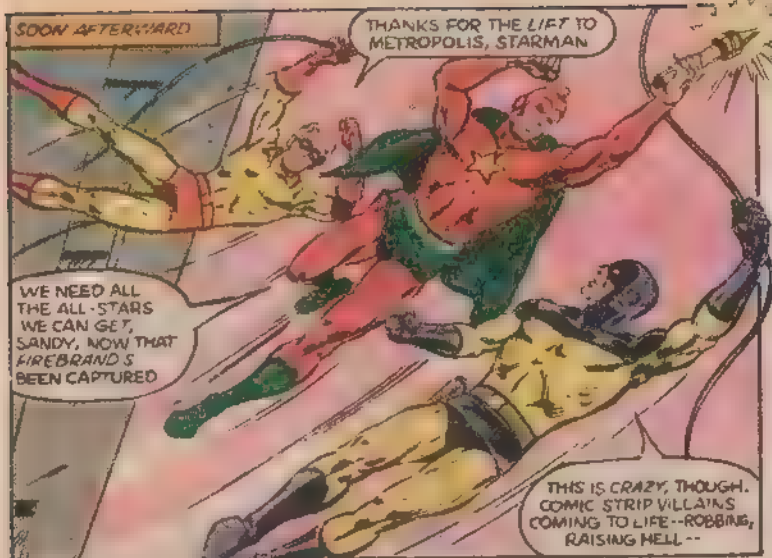
AH I'M YOUR BOSS, VARMINT--JUST LIKE THIS FUNNYFACE GALOOT'S MINE

HE TOL' ME HE SHORE COULD USE A HOSTAGE, SO LET'S TAKE IM THE GAL

LET THE RUNT LAY!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING



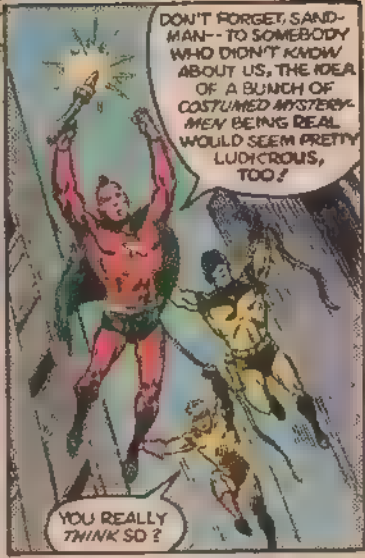


SOON AFTERWARD

THANKS FOR THE LIFT TO METROPOLIS, STARMAN

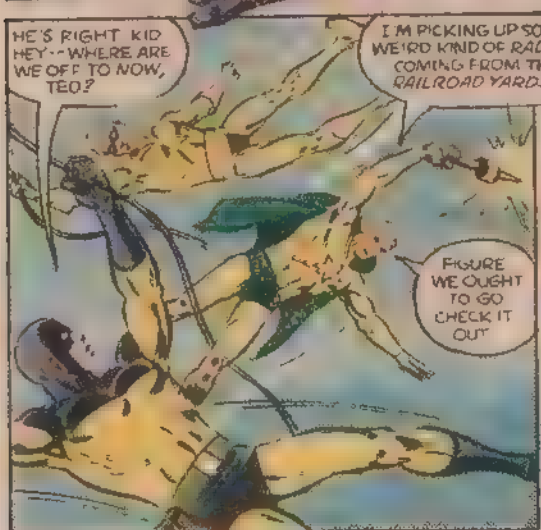
WE NEED ALL THE ALL-STARS WE CAN GET, SANDY, NOW THAT FIREBRAND'S BEEN CAPTURED

THIS IS CRAZY, THOUGH. COMIC STRIP VILLAINS COMING TO LIFE--ROBBING, RAISING HELL--



DON'T FORGET, SANDMAN-- TO SOMEBODY WHO DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT US, THE IDEA OF A BUNCH OF COSTUMED MYSTERY-MEN BEING REAL WOULD SEEM PRETTY LUDICROUS, TOO?

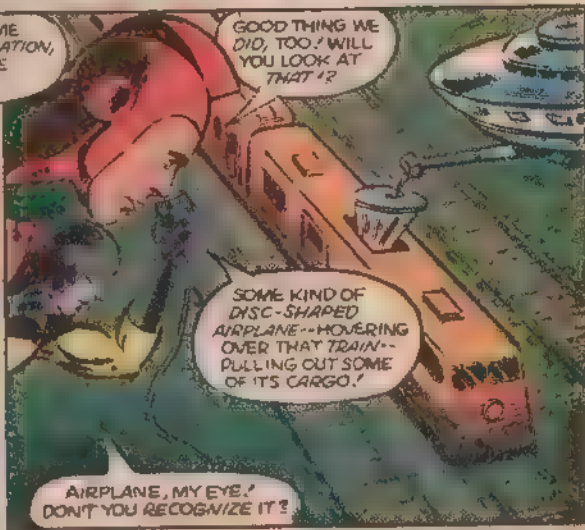
YOU REALLY THINK SO?



HE'S RIGHT, KID HEY--WHERE ARE WE OFF TO NOW, TEO?

I'M PICKING UP SOME WEIRD KIND OF RADIATION, COMING FROM THE RAILROAD YARDS

FIGURE WE OUGHT TO GO CHECK IT OUT



GOOD THING WE DID, TOO! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?!

SOME KIND OF DISC-SHAPED AIRPLANE--HOVERING OVER THAT TRAIN--PULLING OUT SOME OF ITS CARGO!

AIRPLANE, MY EYE! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT?



THAT'S THE SPACE ROCKET OF THE BAD-GUY FROM THE "STREAK DUGAN STRIP"

HEY, YOU'RE RIGHT--AND THERE'S GOOLA H MSELF!



SZZRT FXXLK PQR!

LOOK OUT! HE'S FIRING SOME KIND OF RAY--!

AND MY GRAVITY ROD'S STOPPING IT!

